



It's Your Turn 2022

**MANUAL FOR PERFORMERS AND
THEIR PARENTS**

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Introduction

Thanks for your interest in this project.



We launched ‘**It’s Your Turn**’ during the lockdown of 2020 to give children from the Irish diaspora, resident in Great Britain the opportunity to participate in a video for St Patrick’s Day. Back in the day, in many parts of Ireland, people entertained each other at gatherings and everyone was expected to have a ‘party piece’ to perform. This custom continues in many parts of Ireland.

Our aim in producing a ‘**It’s Your Turn**’ was threefold.

- Firstly, to give children from Irish diaspora currently living in Great Britain a way of connecting with their culture and heritage.
- The second was to encourage cross generational conversations about being Irish in Britain so that this history was not forgotten.
- The third was to provide a way for children who have an Irish heritage to connect with others.

The children were recorded remotely in their own homes at a mutually convenient time, using a free, easily available software. This worked well and allowed children wherever they lived in Great Britain to take part. The children could also send a link of themselves performing to relatives and friends or post it on social media if they so wished. The compilation was broadcast on our YouTube channel.

We have changed things slightly this year and are inviting any child under the age of twelve, who would **prefer** to perform with a member or members of their family to do so. We hope that this will encourage the more reserved children to ‘have a go’.

The material in this booklet was compiled by Maureen, Maire, Eithne and Anne, all of whom have a strong Irish heritage. We have all been teachers, three of us were born in Ireland and came over as children, the fourth was born in England to a father from Donegal and an English mother.

Please email anne@greencurtaintheatre.co.uk if you would like to take part as soon as you can but no later than the 16th February 2022. We would like to start doing the recordings from mid to late February so that it will be ready by St Patrick’s Day.

NB. Do get in touch if you are reading this after 16th February and would like to take part and we will try and fit you in.

Selecting a Performance Piece.

Although we are more than happy for your child to choose what to perform we thought that you might find a few ideas useful. We have gathered these together in this booklet under various headings. Incidentally, **'It's Your Turn'** is a work in progress and we would love to hear from you if you know of any pieces that might be suitable. This manual will be loaded on the internet as Version 1. There could well be a Version 2 so keep an eye out.

Poetry

One suggestion is that the children perform a poem. We have scoured the internet and poetry books for suitable poems. Please forgive the 'corny' nature of some of them but we were looking poems that young children would find easy to learn. Performing a poem can be more fun if you add actions to it. Young children might find it easier to recite a few lines from a poem with an older brother or sister or parent helping them out.

Poems About Leprechauns, Shamrocks and St Patrick's Day

In this section you will find poems written to celebrate St Patrick's Day. Many of these poems come from America and reflect the way how St Patrick's day is celebrated over there. This section contains short poems and rhymes that would be suitable for young children including several about leprechauns

Short Poems in Irish

As we thought that some of the children might find it fun to learn a some Irish for St Patrick's Day we have included a couple of poems in Irish along with their translation. Don't worry if you don't have any Irish or if you have forgotten what you once knew as someone has promised us a pronunciation guide that we can send to you.

Irish Wisdom and Blessings

This section has some very short poems.

Memories of Ireland

Poet Marie Buoncore, a retired teacher who lived in Ireland until she was nine has written some poems about her experience of growing up in Dublin in the 1950s and 1960s. Maire is very happy for you to adapt the poem to suit your own memories. Maire's poems have several verses which makes them suitable for groups to perform as they younger member of the family would not need to learn all the verses.

Tributes to Irish people.

Irish people have contributed a great deal to life in Britain in all sorts of different ways which is why we decided to include a few poems about nurses and builders.

Irish Pastimes

This is where you'll find poems about Irish dancing and Gaelic sports.

Poems by Irish Poets

We have added a few poems from Irish anthologies that we liked.

Music

We would love to hear from any families who have children who like to sing or play an instrument either on their own or with another member of their family.

Any genre of music is acceptable: folk, pop, country and western or classical so long as it has a clear connection to Ireland. We find that the recordings work better when the singer(s) are either unaccompanied or accompanied by actual instruments. Backing tracks don't tend to work as well during recording but we can discuss this over the phone.

We are not looking for brilliant singers or musicians just children who enjoy performing. Whole families are welcome to take part so long as a child under 12 has a solo piece within this performance. Again any questions please get in touch.

This site <https://www.ireland-information.com/irishmusic/irishsongs-music-lyrics-midis.htm> will give you a list of Irish songs alongside their lyrics and recordings. It is a good place to start.

Acting

We would love to hear from children who are able to learn and perform a monologue of about 300 words which take up to 2 minutes to perform. We have a number of monologues that have been written especially for this event. Some are reflect children's experiences of growing up as part of an Irish family in Great Britain and others are from Irish Myths and Legends. Do get in touch if you have a budding actor so that we can recommend a monologue that will suit their age, voice and personality.

Fact Sheet

We have included this at the end. This document is also available as a separate document over the web.

That's in then. We look forward to hearing from you that you are interested in taking part.

Go raibh maith agat

The Green Curtain Team.

Section 1: Poems About Leprechauns, Shamrocks and St Patrick's Day

We thought that we should include a few poems about St Patrick, leprechauns, shamrocks and other things associated with St Patrick's Day just for the fun of it. We found most of these poems on the internet.

Five Little Leprechauns by Leanne Guenther



Five little leprechauns on St. Patrick's Day
The first one said, *'I'd like to play!'*
The second one stood beside a rainbow.
The third one waved and said, *'Hello!'*
The fourth one said, *'Good luck to the bold.'*
The fifth one said, *'Just don't touch my gold!'*
Plink, plink went the harp ' they all danced around,
Then five leprechauns ran off with a bound.

The Lively Leprechaun by Betsy Franco



I caught a lively leprechaun
With stubble on his face
He promised me loads of buried gold
And led me to his special place.
But when I let him loose to dig
He leapt and led a chase
That lively laughing leprechaun
Ran off without a trace.

The Leprechaun and Me by Maire Buonocore



I was walking through a little wood.
I heard a sound and then I stood.
A tapping sound is what I heard.
Not a squirrel, not a bird,
Something different. What is that sound?
It came from somewhere near the ground.
I tiptoed as quietly as I could,
That day that I was in the wood.

Then I saw a real surprise
I held my breath... I rubbed my eyes...!
A little man in red and green
was busy working there unseen.
This man, no taller than a mug,
drank his fruit juice from a jug.
I saw him hammering a shoe.
I knew exactly what to do.

He was hammering tic-tac-tic.
I had to catch him. I had to be quick.
This little fellow, I was told,
would give to me his crock of gold.
But... leprechauns are very quick.
and leprechauns know every trick.
He'd try to fool me with a lie,
for Leprechauns are very sly.

I stooped and caught him and held him tight.
He struggled and wriggled with all his might.
I had to grip him and to stare,
and keep him in my gaze, right there.
`Let me go! Set me free!
You know you can't hold onto me! `
`Your gold, `I said, `give it to me.
Then of course I'll set you free. `
`

The gold?` she`s got it,` he replied,
`that lady standing at your side. `
I turned my head to have a look,
but found myself in that shady nook
all alone. No elf, no gold,
recalling the storied I'd been told.
I'm telling this tale today to you.
It happened to me, so I know that it`s true.



The Leprechaun and the Giant

I wish I were as big as you,
I wish that I were tall,
I am tired of being overlooked,
I'm tired of being small.

If I were tall I'd stand up straight,
And reach the highest shelf ,
And if my hat was stuck up there,
I'd get it for myself.

I wish I was short like you,
I wish that I was small,
I tower over everyone,
I'm tired of being tall.

If I was short it would be fun.
I'd never bump my head.
And my feet would not get chilly,
Because they stick out of my bed.

I Know A Funny Little Man - Anonymous

This poem is sometime thought to be Irish in origin because of the Irish legends about leprechauns and the 'little people'. We cannot be sure.



I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
Though no one ever sees his face,
Yet we can all agree,
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who brings in all the mud
That gathers in the hall.
'Tis he who lets the front door slam,
And scribbles on the wall.
When we can't find the scissors,
Or have lost the back door key,
The one to blame in every case
Is Mr. Nobody.

We know he cracked the window
And broke the china plate,
We know he left the kitchen floor
In such a dreadful state.
We know his faults and failings,
His sins are plain to see,
And so we always put the blame
On Mister Nobody.

Anonymous

The Wearing of the Green Day



It's the wearing of the Green Day
The wearing of the green
For Irish people around the world
The shamrock can be seen.

It's the wearing of the Green Day
The day we celebrate
The pride that our family is Irish
On this important date.

On the wearing of the Green Day
We have time to dance and sing
And the sound of Irish music
Provides a welcome touch for spring.

It's the wearing of the Green Day
When we remember well
All the different Irish people
And the stories they can tell.

I'll Wear a Shamrock



St. Patrick's Day is with us,
The day when all that's seen
To right and left and everywhere
Is green, green, green!

And Irish tunes they whistle
And Irish songs they sing,
Today each Irish lass and lad walks out
As proud as any king.

I'll wear a bunch of shamrock
In my coat, the glad day through,
For my father and mother are Irish
And I am Irish too!

Shamrocks



Five little shamrocks lying in the grass
Along came a leprechaun skipping down the path
He took a shamrock and put it on the door
That's for good luck, and that leaves four

Four little shamrocks lying in the grass
Along came a leprechaun skipping down the path
He pinned on a shamrock so everyone could see
That was for luck and now there are three

Three little shamrocks lying in the grass
Along came a leprechaun skipping down the path
He picked up a shamrock and put it on his shoe
That's for good luck and then there were two.

Two little shamrocks lying in the grass
Along came a leprechaun skipping down the path
He picked up one and held it to the sun
That is for luck and then there was one.

One little shamrock lying in the grass
Along came a leprechaun skipping down the path
He left it lying there so there'd always be one
That would be there for luck. Can you find one?

Shamrock Pie

(After Alligator Pie by Dennis Lee)

Shamrock pie, Shamrock pie
If I don't get some I think I'm going to die
Give away the green grass, give away the sky
But don't give away my Shamrock pie.

Shamrock stew, shamrock stew
If I don't get some, I don't know what I'll do
Give away my furry hat, give away my shoe
But don't give away my shamrock stew.



Shamrock soup, Shamrock soup
If I don't get some soon I think I'm gonna droop
Give away my hurley stick, give away my hoop
But don't give away my Shamrock soup

St. Patrick Brings A Promise by Anonymous



It ought to come in April, or, better yet, in May,
when everything is green as green - I mean St. Patrick's Day.
With still a week of winter this wearing of the green
seems rather out of season - it's rushing things, I mean.
But may be March is better when all is done and said:
St. Patrick brings a promise, of springtime just ahead!

St Patrick and the Snakes

According to legend St Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland because they were bothering him whilst he was praying and fasting. This can't be trued because no one has ever found any traces of snakes in Ireland which means that they have never lived there. But it makes a good story.

Bye Bye Snakes



Long ago the legend goes
Ireland was a snakey land
The people lived in fear of them
Until Saint Patrick gave a command
He sent the snakes away
Now people celebrate
A holy man in their history
Who helped make Ireland great.

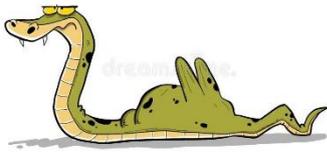
St Patrick Says Goodbye to a Snake



Slithery, slidery, scaly old snake.
Surely your body must be a mistake?
Your eyes mouth and tongue
Stay wisely on your head
It seems that your body is all tail instead.

You're a weird one alright
No use to us at all
For you can't carry anyone
Plough a field or build a wall
Get away with you now
Head over that sea
You slithery fella.
Stop bothering me!

Colum the snake



When Colum the snake ate a rabbit
He started to hop
He said 'I am seasick'
This hopping must stop.

So, Colum let out the rabbit
Then ate a big frog
And found himself leaping
Right over a log

Colum said 'I can't take it'
This leaping is no good
So he let out the frog
Hoping the frog understood

He ate a small bird
From its wing to its beak
Then found himself starting
To sing and to speak

Now St Patrick was praying
And Colum did hear
What's that dreadful racket
That's now in my ear?

Is that snake singing?
Why that's really wrong
I'll throw him over the water
For someone else to hear his song.

Saint Patrick was a Gentleman by Henry Bennett



Saint Patrick was a gentleman
And he came from decent people
In Dublin town he built a church
And on it put a steeple

His father was a Gallagher
His mother was a Brady
His uncle was an O'Shaugnessy
His auntie was a Grady

Then success to bold St Patrick's fist
He was a saint so clever
He gave the toads and snakes a twist
And banished them forever.

Poems in Irish

Siofra Si/ Siofra the Tooth Fairy

Bionn Siofra Si
sióg na bhfiacra
eg obair lei
gach uile oíche

ag eitilt go tapaidh
o theach go teach
ag bailiú fiacra
go curamach

ag loisteach aigid
faoi bhun piliúr
ag bronnadh sonais
gach uile uair

ag brostu abhaile
le breacadh an lae
ag súil go mór
lena cupán tae



Siofra Si the tooth fairy works every night
flying fast from house to house,
collecting teeth carefully,
lodging money under pillows,
bestowing happiness every time,
hurrying home at break of day,
looking forward to her cup of tea.

**This poem is written by Celia de Freine. We
found it in a book called P for Poetry by
Seamus Cashman**

At Home/ Sa bhaile

There is no fireside like your own fireside
Hang up your coat
Take off your shoes
Get a cup of tea and sit by the fire

The curtains drawn
The old clock ticking
Wind in the chimney
Whispering in the silence
The cat and dog both asleep
There is no fireside like your own



Níl aon tinteán
Mar do thinteán féin.
Croch suas do chóta
Bain diot do bhroga
Faigh cupán tae agus
Suígh cos na tine

Cuirtíní dunta
Seanchlog ag bualadh
Gaoth ins an sa simléar
Ag coga sa chiunas
An cat is an madra
Na geoladh araon
Níl aon tinteán
Mar do thinteán féin

This poem is written by Celia de Freine. We found it in a book called P for Poetry by Seamus Cashmá

Irish Wisdom and Blessings

Irish Wisdom



Always remember to forget
The things that made you sad
But don't forget to remember
The things that made you glad.

Always remember to forget
The friends that were untrue
But don't forget to remember
The ones who were kind to you

Always remember to forget
The troubles that passed your way
But don't forget to remember
The good things that happen each day

We found this poem on the internet.

If I knew by Anonymous



If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt I would try so hard
'Twould open I know for me,

Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scattered the smiles to play,
That the children's' faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew the box was large enough
To hold the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them everyone
From nursery school or street,

Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep-deep sea.

We found this lovely poem in the 'Poolbeg Book of Irish Poetry for Children' by Shaun Traynor. It is published by Poolbeg Press in Dublin and is widely available from bookstores. You can also find it on Shaun Traynor's website.

Some Irish Blessings

MAY you always have walls for the winds,
A roof for the rain, tea beside the fire,
Laughter to cheer you, those you love near you,
And all your heart might desire.

MAY the road rise up to meet you.
May the wind be always at your back.
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
The rains fall soft upon your fields,
And, until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His hand.

MAY you have love that never ends,
Lots of money, and lots of friends.
Health be yours, whatever you do,
And may God send many blessings to you!

MAY peace and plenty bless your world
With a joy that long endures
And may all life's passing seasons
Bring the best to you and yours.

MAY the raindrops fall lightly on your brow.
May the soft winds freshen your spirit.
May the sunshine brighten your heart
May the burdens of the day rest lightly upon you.
And may God enfold you in the mantle of His love.

MAY the Irish hills caress you.
May her lakes and rivers bless you.
May the luck of the Irish enfold you.
May the blessings of Saint Patrick behold you.
May your blessings outnumber
The Shamrocks that grow.
And may trouble avoid you
Wherever you go.

We found these on the internet. We do not know who wrote them.

Memories of Ireland by Maire Buoncore

The Wild Atlantic Way by Maire Buoncore

(In this poem the poet recalls a holiday in Kilkee, Co Clare with her grandmother).



Nana and I had a holiday in a place they call Kilkee,
A little town in County Clare, nestled by the sea.
The sunlight danced on distant waves as I walked along the shore.
The sand was soft, the breeze was fresh. I could not have asked for more.

Along the cliff-tops further on, no sand nor friendly beach.
The waves were surging, crashing up as far as they could reach,
And balanced on a narrow ledge men fishing 1, 2, 3.
To catch a mackerel or two to take home for their tea.

On to the Cliffs of Moher where the tide is in all day
Where weathered rocks weep endless tears while wilful waters play
And overhead the eagles and the seagulls cry and call.
And the splashing, crashing mighty waves accompany it all.

Then night time. Silence. Stars all round. It's dark as dark can be.
How different from my city home where noises comfort me.
Then in the middle of the night, a noise, a thunder CRASH!
There was no wind, there was no rain, there was no lightning flash.

BOOM! BOOOM! The dreadful sounds kept on, a rhythm on a drum. BOOM!
BOOOM! For hours – what was the noise? When will the morning come?
I went down to the beach next day to wander by the sea,
For I was on my holiday in County Clare, Kilkee.

The sunlight danced on distant waves as I walked along the shore.
The sand was soft beneath my feet, just as it was before.
I stopped and stared, and rubbed my eyes, for this is what I found,
The strong sea wall was cracked in two, huge boulders scattered round.

A ton of stones were scattered over houses on the strand
As if they had been lightly thrown by some almighty hand.
Cars were scuffed and windows cracked by stones flung far and wide
In the middle of that starlit night, by the Wild Atlantic tide.

If you should ever travel to Ireland's Westside coast,
You'll see mountains, lakes and rivers, but the thing to watch for most
Is the rushing, gushing fury of those dark, deep waves at play,
Then, listen for the thunder of the Wild Atlantic Way.

Thomas Street, Dublin 8 by Maire Buonocore

(In this poem a grandchild recalls what the memories that were evoked when her grandad found an old map of Dublin.)



Granddad came across a map of Dublin, yesterday.
He showed me streets where he once lived and where he used
play.
He`d hear the church bells chiming out their hourly song, AVE
((Arvay).,
While busy people worked and shopped, and children got in their
way.

Then all at once the sights and sounds of how it used to be
Were dancing vibrant in his mind, as busy as could be.
Thomas Street, a busy road, a bus route into town,
But he remembered horse and carts clip-clopping up and down.

The horse that carried milk crates Jing-jangled as it passed.
The horse was trotting slowly, not allowed to go too fast.
The cart that picked up refuse left out at every door
Would stop and start, and start and stop, till it could hold no more.

And other horse and carts clopped by with ladders, tools and sacks.
Granddad laughed and waved to them and drivers would wave back.
A short walk down a cobbled street would take him to the Quays,
Where all at once the seagulls flew and he could feel the breeze.

Then stand upon the Ha`penny Bridge and moving down below.
He`d see the mighty waters of the River Liffey flow.
Across the road from where he lived it was Marrowbone Lane
Where herds of sheep were taken up, but never came back again.

All the children, thought it fun to see sheep in the city.
When they found out just where they went, they thought, `Oh, that`s a pity.`
Turning left down Thomas Street on Friday, what a sight.
The fish market would open up as soon as it was light.

From every household people came for fish fresh from the sea
For each Friday everybody had fish for their tea.
It was good to find the city map of Dublin yesterday.
And walk the streets with Granddad and see where he used to play.

And hear again the church bells ringing out the song AVE (Arvay).
While busy people worked and shopped and children got in their way.
I`ll go there when I`m older. It will not be the same,
But I know that if I close my eyes, I`ll see him play again.

My Week By Maire Buonocore (*In this poem Maire, who came from Dublin to live in London when she was a child,*

remembers back to her days in Dublin.)



Sunday, wear your Sunday best. No breakfast – you must fast.
Early Mass, Communion, then cooked breakfast! Mmmm.. at last.
The afternoons were wonderful, a drive. We were so glad.
For the Wicklow mountains - and a picnic feast with Mam and Dad.

Monday school, it`s bread and cheese, then tables, threes and fours,
And Irish language, Catechism, with games played out of doors.
Then home for tea and homework, which we knew that we must do,
But bedtime was the best of all, what song? What story new?

Tuesday, schoolbag full of books, (you had to bring them all),
In time for morning gatherings and for the long roll call.
T`was bread with meat, a tasty sort, speckled and quite square,
And home again, more homework, and tight curlers in your hair.

Wednesday, a happy day, today a currant bun,
And always that small drink of milk before the lunchtime fun,
Then handwriting and reading, Irish and English texts.
Spellings to be learnt at home. Oh gosh! Whatever next?

Thursday it was meat again, but nobody complained.
Mammy handed open bread and pleasantly explained, *
`It`s good for you so eat it up, and drink your milk as well. `
We did, and we grew big and strong as everyone could tell.

Friday it was bread and jam, we munched up every crust.
It tasted wonderful to us, so hungry, t`was a must.
We knitted stockings, sewed our seams, sang songs from times of yore,
But could not wait to run back home, a new weekend once more.

Saturday was tidy rooms, but that was so much fun.
We`d find lost sweets, play hide and seek, and when all that was done
We`d go out in the busy street, play games, we had such fun.
Sometimes we`d be playing till the setting of the sun.

Then Sunday, it`s our Sunday best, then Mass, then wait until
We have our lunch then Dad would say, `Today, Killiney Hill. `
Our favourite place where we would romp with cousins one and all,
Midst obelisk and bluebell mist until the bedtime call.

**Maggie was an elderly lady who would hand us all a slice of bread from a huge enamel basin when it was lunchtime at school. The bread, or bun on Wednesdays, came with our daily ration of milk. We can say Mammy, but it was our school dinner lady, Maggie, who fed us.*

Tributes

Over the years thousands of Irish women joined the National Health Service as nurses. It is widely agreed that the health service would not be what it is to day without the help of nurses from Ireland and other parts of the world. This is why we have included two poems about nurses. We found both of them on the internet and we are not sure who wrote them.

Irish Nurses



When you crossed the sea to nurse them
You brought a special gift
For you were earthly Angels
That sick patients were blessed with.

Irish angels that would laugh with them,
Irish angels that would cry
Irish angels that would pick them up
And lift their spirits high.

Angels with a great big smile
And even bigger heart
And angels with such gentle ways
Who cared right from the start.

Special nurses you truly are
You stand above the rest
And all of those you cared for
Were more than truly blessed .

A Nurses Prayer



Let me dedicate my life today
to the care of those
who come my way.

Let me touch each one with the healing hands
and the gentle art
For which I stand.

And then tonight, when day is done
let me relax in peace
if I helped just one.

For a Special Nurse



Long before you entered nursing
The Lord had played his part,
Planting seeds of love and kindness
In the portals of your heart.

So it's clear that you've been gifted
With a sympathetic ear,
And blessed from the beginning,
With a willingness to cheer.

And the people that you care for,
Are better off by far,
When they're touched by your compassion
By the person that you are

For in times of woe and worry
Where there frightened or they're blue
No one could be more consoling,
Than the friend they'll find in you

Paving the Way by Maria Buonocore.

From the 1930s onwards many Irishmen came over to work on the building sites, motorways power stations and other industrial projects in England. In most cities in England, Wales and Scotland as well as many other towns, there are many buildings which were built by Irishmen. We thought it only right that we should include some poems about builders.



Driving on an A Road, I think it was A10.
Dad said `It`s much better now, than it was back then.
This road was long and windy and went right through Hertfordshire.
It took three hours to Cambridge when we started out from here.`

It was the Irish builders, who in my Granddad`s day
Came to work from Ireland and who built this motorway
Back then in the local town, the shops were in one place,
But now the old shops that Mum once knew have gone without a trace.

`It took three years to pull them down – we all thought, What destruction!
But brick by brick the Mall was built, a wonderful construction.`
It was the Irish builders, my Granddad too I`m sure,
Who laboured here to build the Mall, a place that would endure.

Now, when we`re in the city, or driving through a town
We see places where old buildings are being taken down.
To build new libraries, new hospitals, new parks, new swimming pools,
New maisonettes, new offices, new colleges and schools.
But don`t forget the Irish builders, who in my Granddad`s day
Laboured here for progress. It was they who paved the way.

Irish Pastimes

Irish Dancing by Stephen Pepper



Watch over me angels
As now is my time
To make way to the stage
To jump lift an shine

I have done all my practise
I remember my steps
Now is my moment
No time left to prep

Standing by the side of the stage
I can hear the crowd cheer
For this is my moments
I have nothing to fear

When the music starts playing
It takes control of my soul
Because I love Irish Dancing
To win the worlds is my goal

When the dancing is done
It's time to sit down and wait
For the scores to be added
And find out my fate

Will I be this years champ
Or get pipped to the post
In my heart i did my best
That's what matters the most

The results are called out
I stand on stage with her grin
I may not be world champion
But *I* did my best
So *I* win

So this wasn't my time
I still smile from ear to ear
Irish dancing is my life
And there's always next year

The World of Irish Dancing Author Unknown



This is a different world to the one out there.
Here dancers soar, eager to master their flair,
The energy, the race, the solid rhythmic beat.
The music the intricacy of well-choreographed feet.

Anticipation, fear, nerves, shooting glee,
The essence the beauty is the perfect 123,
The reels, the jigs, a Creative Hornpipe and the Trance,
The Planxty, storytellers and Kilkenny Races dance.

The joy, the heartache, only ever more than few
Perseverance, the forgotten teacher who inspired that love in you,
Loyalty, sacrifice, trust and belief
A parents care, their sacrifice, that feeling....relief!

Yes, it's a different world to the one out there,
A world of talent, choreography, triumph and despair,
Friends, competition, celebrations, a teacher's proud smile,
The work has paid off, you're a star for awhile.

Then back to the nerves the excitement the dread,
The travel, the music, the steps in your head.
The highs, the lows, the sashes galore,
The challenge, the dream, the will to be more.

Remember to be humble, forever gracious in defeat.
To thank, to respect, the people we know and who we meet,
For it is not the dresses or the make up that sets us apart
It is the love of our dance, the true love of our heart.

The Irish Dancer Author Unknown



I walk out onto the stage
Hands held firmly by my sides
Shoes neatly tied. White socks glued to my shin
Behind me the firm front flap of my dress,
I clenched my sweating hands.
Heart beating out of my chest ,
I put on my performance smile
And look out into the crowd.

Chest puffed out
Feet turned out to their fullest
The music begins to play
The beat of the jig pumps in my veins
I dance.

Legs flying, mind soaring,
Higher and higher, I urge myself to jump
Kicking and leaping rallies and clicks
Can't miss a step.

I'm floating through the fast pace routine
Jump jump and 123
Mentally block out the audience
And the dancers round me.
My curly wig bounces as I leap
Shoes click satisfyingly as I dance without fault
My heavy embroidered dress hops with me

I'm free.
I reached the end of my steps
Complete satisfied
Heart pounding in my head
The audience cheers I bow.

We found this poem on the internet. We couldn't find the poet's name.

The Feis by Maria Buonocore

(Irish dancing is a great way of keeping an important Irish tradition alive as these next poems about Irish dancing show.)



Brand new socks and curly hair, Boys and girls assembled there.
Each young heart is beating fast: The Feis! The day has come at last.
Parked in the meadow fresh and green, A dozen lorries, dressed and clean
Become the stages for the show. Where all the dancing feet will go.
Beginners, Juniors, Seniors, all will rally to the fiddler`s call.

See those frocks and kilts a-flowing. Eight-hand Reels, to-ing and fro-ing,
Heel and toe and toe and heel, They hop and skip in every reel.
High steps and trebles of the jigs, Flap the capes and stir the wigs.
Then hornpipes, with that stamping sound Will always draws the crowds around.

Every parent sees with pride Their child`s head held high, arms at their side.
Amazed the young ones stop and stare While parents hum the fiddler`s ayre.
Next the medals, silver bronze or gold. For some a cup that they can hold,
And all contestants from the start Feel proud that they have taken part.

The music stops, the children play. The dozen lorries drive away.
The Feis was music, dance and fun. Now all drive home in the setting sun.

Hurling



There's a lot of different sports
But hurling is the best
It's more fun than soccer
And better than all the rest

Hurling is my favourite sport
What else can I say?
It can be a lot of fun
If you know how to play

I really want our team to score
I love it when we win
But when the game is over
I want to run out again

We have a really good coach
To teach us how to play
To fight for every point and goal
And be great players on the day

Even though we can't win every game
The coach wants us to have fun
It doesn't matter if we win or lose
Our team is still number one.

My Hurley



Left! Right! Left! Right!
Marching down the hall.
My hurley is a rifle.
About turn at the wall.

“I am a soldier Mammy”
(A hurley’s best by far
Today it can be a gun.
Tomorrow a guitar).
Gabriel Fitzmaurice

Section 2 – Some Poems by Irish Poets



Messy Eater

Tom is a messy eater
He messes up the place
Gravy on the table
And Pandy on his face

Tom's a messy eater
He gobbles up his food
His that's the only way
It does him any good.

Tom's a messy eater
No matter how you scold
He's got no table manners
It's not that he is being bold

He's just a messy eater
And that is the way he'll be.
Until he gets a girlfriend,
Then he'll change. You'll see.

Gabriel Fitzmaurice

We have included several poems by Gabriel Maurice as they are great fun.

We found Hurley and Dinosaur in the 'Poolbeg Book of Irish Poetry for Children' by Shaun Traynor. It is published by Poolbeg Press in Dublin and is widely available from bookstores. We found Messy Eater and Apple for Schoolteacher in his book Rotten Rhymes.

An Apple for the Teacher



Bring apples to eat the teacher said
But me I'd rather mush
So I threw mine down the toilet
But the apple wouldn't flush

It just kept bobbing like a ball
As the flush foamed about
So I put my hand down the toilet bowl
And pulled the apple out

I washed it in the basin
So nobody would know
And gave it to Mr O
That's what we call our teacher

He rubbed once or twice
And rubbed it on his jumper
And then he ate my apple
He said it was very nice.

Gabriel Fitzmaurice

Dinosaur



I brought my dinosaur to school
It was a Brontosaurus
I played with it with my friend Jim
But then the teacher saw us

“Put that thing in”, the teacher said.

“Or I'll put it in my drawer”

He only saw a plastic toy

But I could see it roar.

Gabriel Fitzmaurice

'Spring Song' By John D. Sheridan



There is going to be a dance,
I can feel it in the air
What kind of frock will the daffodil wear?
Gold for the sun and green for the clover;
Spring is on the way
And the winter's nearly over.

A soft little wind
Out behind the hill
Is practicing tunes
For the shy daffodil.
He daren't start yet
To play with all his might;
He daren't start yet,
For the time isn't right;
He daren't start yet,
For the frocks aren't made,
And the fairy needles flash
in the green forest glade.
Green thread, gold thread, laughing all together
Heigh for the dance and the bright spring weather.

Danny Murphy by James Stephens

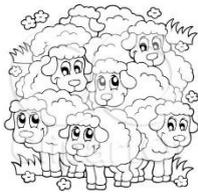


He was as old as old could be,
His little eye could scarcely see,
His mouth was sunken in between
His nose and chin, and he was lean
And twisted up and withered quite,
So that he couldn't walk aright.

His pipe was always going out,
And then he'd have to search about
In all his pockets, and he'd mow —
“O deary me! and, musha now!”
And then he'd light his pipe, and then
He'd let it go clean out again.

He couldn't dance or jump or run,
Or ever have a bit of fun
Like me and Susan, when we shout
And jump and throw ourselves about —
But when he laughed, then you could see
He was as young as young could be!

The Sheep



Slowly they pass
In the grey of the evening
Over the wet road>
A flock of sheep slowly they went
In the grey of the gloaming

Over the wet road
That winds through the town,
Slowly they pass
And gleaming whitely
Vanish away
In the grey of the evening

Seamus O'Sullivan

A Keen for the Coins by Seamus Heaney

O henny penny! O horsed half crown!
O florin salmon! O sixpence hound!
O woodcock! Piglets! Hare and bull!
O mint of field and flood, farewell!
Be Ireland's lost ark. Gone to ground.
And where the rainbow ends be found.

I've News For You- Anonymous



This is a poem from ancient Ireland that has been translated from Gaelic by Sean Hutton. In this poem the poet gives us an idea of what rural Ireland was like at the time. We think the poem dates back to the 9th or 10th century but no one is sure. We do not know who wrote it. We found this lovely poem in the 'Poolbeg Book of Irish Poetry for Children' by Shaun Traynor. It is published by Poolbeg Press in Dublin and is widely available from bookstores. You can also find it on the internet.

I've news for you
the stag bellows,
winter's snow,
summers gone;
high cold wind,
sun low in sky,
short days,
heavy seas;
deep red bracken's
skeletal form,
barnacled goose's
customed call;
cold has seized
the bird's wing
icy season
that's my news. **Anonymous**

The Ninepenny Fidil by Joseph Campbell



My father and mother were Irish
And I am Irish too;
I bought a wee fidil for ninepence,
And it is Irish too.
I'm up in the morning early
To meet the dawn of day.
And to the lintwhite's piping
The many's a tune I play.

One pleasant eve in June-time I met a lochrie man:
His face and hands were weazen, His height was not a span.
He boor'd me for my fidil "You know" says he "like you",
"My father and mother were Irish And I am Irish too!"

He gave me back my fidil My fidil stick, also
And stepping like a Mayboy He jumped the Leargaidh Knowe.
I never saw him after Nor met his gentle kind;
But whiles, I think I hear him A-weaning in the wind.

My father and mother were Irish, And I am Irish too;
I bought a wee fidil for ninepence, And it is Irish too.
I'm up in the morning early To meet the dawn of day,
And to hear the lintwhites' piping The many tunes I play.

Joseph Campbell was born in Belfast in 1879 and died in 1944. His main interest was in poetry and collecting songs. We found this poem on the internet.

A Soft Day by Winifred M Letts



If you've ever been to Ireland, you will know that it rains a lot. In Ireland a rainy day is often called a 'soft day'. This poem celebrates the beauty of that rain in the countryside.

Winifred M Letts, the poet was born in Dublin in 1882; she wrote plays and stories for children as well as poems.

A soft day thank God!
A wind from the south
With a honeyed mouth;
The scent of drenching leaves,
Briar and beach and lime,
White elderflower and thyme
And the soaking grass smells sweet
crushed by my two bare feet,
While the rain drips, drips, drips from the caves.

A soft day, thank God !
The hills wear a shroud
Of silver cloud;
The web the spider weaves
Is a glittering net;
The woodland path is wet,
And the soaking earth smells sweet
Under my two bare feet,
And the rain drips,
Drips, drips, drips from the leaves

We found this lovely poem in the 'Poolbeg Book of Irish Poetry for Children' by Shaun Traynor. It is published by Poolbeg Press in Dublin and is widely available from bookstores. You can also find this poem on the internet.

The Irish Counties Poem

There are thirty two counties in Ireland – this poem will help you learn them.



We are Munster's counties fair,
Cork. Kerry. Limerick and Claire.
Waterford, Tipperary here we are.
Welcoming you from near and far.

Leinster is beyond compare.
Dublin, Wicklow, Carlow, Kildare,
Wexford, Offaly, Laois, Kilkenny,
Longford and Louth are as good as any
Meath, Westmeath and that is all
Over now to a province so small

Connaught it is the smallest, oh
Galway, Leitrim and Mayo
Roscommon, Sligo that's the lot
Just one more verse for you we've got.

We are Ulster's counties nine,
Let's forget the dividing line,
Donegal, Derry, Antrim, Down
All are countries of renown.
Armagh, Monaghan and Tyrone
Cavan, Fermanagh now all are known.

“IT’S YOUR TURN” – TAKING PART FACT SHEET



Who can take part?

Any child either on their own or with any member(s) of their family of any age. We haven't put a limit on numbers. Our only stipulation is that one of the performers must be twelve or under and have an Irish heritage and you must live in England, Wales or Scotland.

What are the children allowed to perform?

We are happy for the children to do anything that **connects to Irish culture** provided we can film them remotely using Zoom. This could be:

- recite a poem
- perform a monologue
- sing a song
- play an instrument
- give a talk about something they do
- something else that is not on this list. We can talk this through when you contact us.

How Long Should the Piece be?

There is no limit on minimum length but the maximum length should be around three minutes.

Can you provide us with some suggestions?

You will find a manual on our website from January 19th 2022. This contains some poems, pieces to act and suggestions for songs.

Do the children need costumes?

Not necessarily. The children should wear what they are comfortable in, however a bit of green and a bit of bling is always nice if you have any around the house.

What do you need to take part?

From a technical perspective you need to have a laptop/P.C or similar that has a webcam (*most of these come as standard*). You will also need to have Zoom loaded onto the device and access to Wi-Fi or broadband. Please get in touch if you don't have these as I am sure that we can help you find a solution.

Where will you film the children?

We will film the children in their homes or at a location of their parents choosing. We need the performers to be in a quiet room which is well lit. It is also helpful if we can video the children

against a plain wall as they stand out better but don't worry if you don't have this as we can work around it.

When will you do this filming?

We would like to start in the second half February continuing through to March so that we have time to edit the piece together by March 17th? We will agree a mutually convenient time with you.

How long does the filming take?

If everything goes right about half an hour or less but we would advise you to set aside an hour for this purpose. We will arrange two sessions with you a few days apart. The first is a practice session and the second the actual recording that we will use.

What happens to the video once it has been made?

It will be broadcast on our YouTube channel from St Patrick's Day 2022. We will send you a link well in advance so you send it to your family and friends. It will also go on our Facebook page.

Will my child's name appear on the video?

Only their first name and a broad location e.g. Sally from Essex. However if you are being filmed as a family we will discuss how you would like to be billed.

How much does this cost?

It is free to take part.

Who are Green Curtain Theatre?

We are a very small fringe theatre company who create and perform plays and videos which tell stories about Irish people living in Great Britain. We have been going for about ten years. You can find out more about us from our website www.greencurtaintheatre.co.uk.